MARVEL
EDGE
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FOR
MATURE
READERS
TYPHOID
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VAN FLEET

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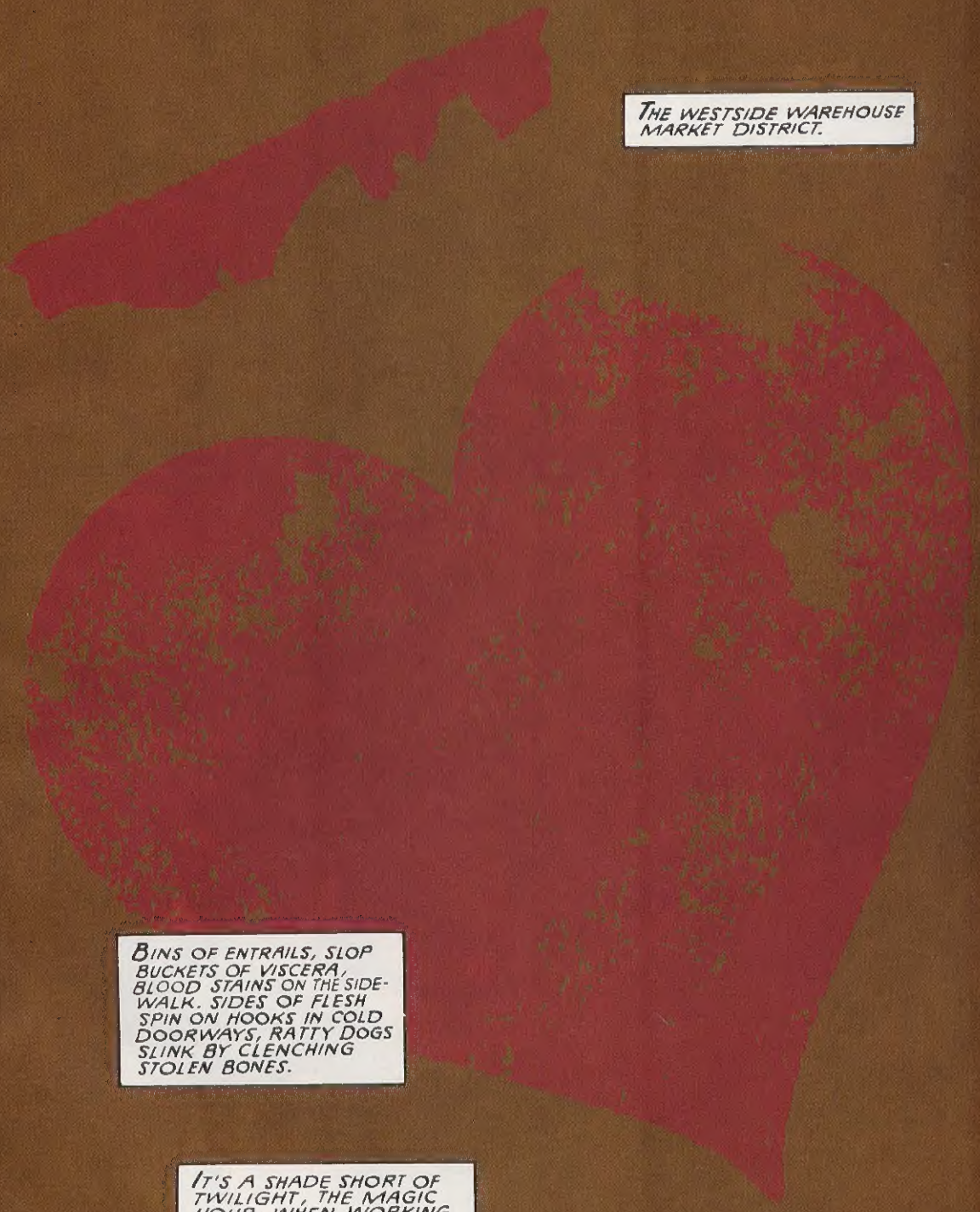
FRESH KILLED PRIME CHOICE VEAL ROYALE ADAM'S RIBS LAMB UNLIMITED EAT MY MEAT CALF'S FEET AND OFFAL WHOLESALE.

THE WESTSIDE WAREHOUSE MARKET DISTRICT.



BINS OF ENTRAILS, SLOP BUCKETS OF VISCERA, BLOOD STAINS ON THE SIDEWALK. SIDES OF FLESH SPIN ON HOOKS IN COLD DOORWAYS, RATTY DOGS SLINK BY CLENCHING STOLEN BONES.

IT'S A SHADE SHORT OF TWILIGHT, THE MAGIC HOUR, WHEN WORKING STIFFS CRUISE DOWNTOWN TO PICK OUT A CUT BEFORE TAKING THE TRAINS BACK TO THE SUBURBS, WIVES AND KIDS.

Book 2

Cinderella

RIGHT THIS WAY, GOOD LOOKIN'--
YOU NEED TO RIDE THE FUNK...
LET MOMMA MAKE YOU HAPPY...
FORGET IT GIRLS, I WANNA LIVE A WHILE...
CREEP.
HIS LOSS. WOULDN'T TOUCH HIM WITH YOUR STICK.
YOU SEE THE SKINNY ONE'S EYES? LIKE BULLETS.
UNDER A THIN VEIL OF LIPSTICK RED NEON, ON THE DOORSTEPS OF CHEAP MOTEL FLOPS-- THEY FIND WHAT THEY NEED.
A SEXY, SOLICITOUS SIREN SONG WHISPERS LURID ENTICEMENTS...
IT IS AN UNCONSCIOUS DANCE AS ROUTINE AS DIRECTING TRAFFIC. THEY DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.
IT'S JUST WHAT THEY DO.
RIGHT HERE RIGHT NOW COME ON SHOW MOMMA...
WANT SOME, BABY?
WOW! uh...
YO, RANDY, YOU GOT ME SOME HARD CANDY?
I GOT TWENTY BUCKS.
KEEP WALKIN', JERK.
YOU CAN KISS MY BUTT WITH THAT.

CHEAP TWIT.
DON'T LET IT GET TO YOU, TYPHOID.
YOU AIN'T DOIN' BAD FOR A NEW GIRL.
THANKS, TULIP.
NOW LISTEN UP, TYPHOID-- IF ONE A'THESE STINGY SLOBS EVER ACTUALLY GETS IT UP--
--YOU BE GIVIN' A CUT TO THE DOORMAN IF YOU USE A HOUSE, A CUT TO THE COPSHOP--
--OR PAY IN TRADE, IF YOU WANT...
I DON'T TOUCH COPS, FLAVIA.
IT'S YOUR LIFE, LOSE IT IF YOU WANT TO.
TAKE THIS ONE, GIRLFRIEND.
C'MERE BABY, I GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU--
MOTEL
MEAT MARKET
BEER

MEAT
NO THANKS, YOU'RE TOO PRETTY.
Christ, WE LOSE MORE EVERY DAY TO THE OTHER SIDE.
Okay, WHAT ELSE? Oh, Yeah, NO VIOLENT TRICKS ON THIS STRIP...
I CAN HANDLE DANGER, IF THEY PAY FOR IT.
FORGET IT, TYPHOID -- IT'S BAD FOR THE REST OF US. STREET RULES. AND THESE DAYS, WE TRADE NOTES ON JOHNS...
WHAT FOR?
'CAUSE A' THE WESTSIDE RIPPER, GIRLFRIEND! WE GOTTA FIND THAT KILLER OURSELVES AS THE COPS WON'T...
WASN'T EVEN NOTHIN' ON T.V. 'BOUT IT.
I GOT THIS ONE--
YO, HOMBRE, LOOK WHAT I GOT FOR YOU--
NOT TONIGHT, LADIES.

UGLY MORON.
ANYWAY, ABOUT THIS KILLER-- I THINK A COP IS DOIN' IT...
Pete's MEAT MARKET
CHUCK
THE FIRST GIRL TO GET DEAD, SHE WAS STUPID LIKE YOU, TYPHOID-- WOULDN'T PAY THE PIG.
THEY KILLED HER RIGHTEOUS STUFF QUICK.
ONE OF THE LAST GIRLS KILLED WAS A WHITE CHICK FROM SUBURBIA. THAT'LL HELP.
HOW?
MEAT
Sirloin Tip
FIRST NON-VAGRANT.
SHE'S GOT A MOTHER, AN ADDRESS ... THERE WAS EVEN THIS PRIVATE DICK, MARY WALKER, SNIFFIN' 'ROUND AFTER HER...
IT WON'T MATTER, THEY WANNA KILL US THEY'LL KILL US.
THEY DUMP THEIR MISERY INTO US EVERY NIGHT LIKE WE'RE TOILETS.
AND WHEN WE START LOOKIN' FULL UP OF IT, SOON AS THEY SEE THEIR OWN ROT RISIN' UP TO OUR EYES--
--THEY KILL US.
AMEN, TULIP.
WELL, LOOK WHO'S SLUMMING IT ON THE STREET.
BABY? I'LL TAKE HIM.
I'M IN THE MOOD TO BEAT SOMEBODY.
WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT?
OH, THAT'S BABY-- HE LIKES ABUSE. CAN'T GET SPANKED AT HOME, I GUESS.
YOU KNOW HOW UPTIGHT SUBURBAN HOUSEWIVES ARE.

ELSEWHERE, DOWNTOWN...
SO, OFFICER DODGE, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR SADISTIC CAPTAIN'S SENSE OF HUMOR?
I'D SAY, DETECTIVE RICHARDS, THAT IT'S REACHED AN ALL-TIME LOW.
MAYBE HE ASSIGNED US BOTH TO THIS CASE SO I COULD TEACH YOU HOW TO WORK THE STREETS.
Hate
I THINK MAYBE HE DID IT SO I COULD TEACH YOU SOME ETHICS.
LOOKIT ALL THESE UGLY FREAKS.
I THINK THEY'RE CALLED HUMAN BEINGS.
BLIND HELP
IF THESE ARE HUMANS THEN I'M AN ALIEN.
CINA-ESPANOLA
JOSÉ MY MAN, WHAT'S THE WORD?
SATURDAY NIGHT'S THE WORD.
GOT WHAT YOU NEED THEN, RICHARDS.
EAT

GOOD MAN.
HEY, WHY DON'T YOU BRING THE WIFE IN FOR A MEAL, ON THE HOUSE?
WIFE? MAKE IT THE MISTRESS AND I'LL BE THERE.
HAA HA HA
LISTEN, JOSÉ, YOU SEE ANY TROUBLE BETWEEN THE STREET PIMPS LATELY?
PIMPS? WHAT CENTURY YOU FROM, LADY?
THOSE GIRLS ARE LIKE PITBULLS, THEY DON'T NEED PROTECTION.
Oh, REALLY?
WELL, WITH FIVE WOMEN DEAD, ANY LEADS YOU HAVE COULD HELP US FIND THAT MAN THAT'S KILLING--
HEY, LISTEN, ROOKIE, WHAT MAKE'S YOU THINK THE KILLER'S A MAN?
AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THOSE LOCAL HOOKERS ARE WOMEN?
HA-HA HA HA HA
Whatsamatta, YOU WALK OFF IN A HUFF-- NO SENSA' HUMOR, OFFICER?

I'LL SUE YOU!
Yeah? PICK A NUMBER.
HOW CAN YOU SEE WITH THAT TURBAN IN YOUR FACE?
YOU ATTACKING MY RELIGION NOW?
NO, JUST YOUR FACE.
I HATE IT DOWN-TOWN--
IT'S SO NOISY.

YO. RICHARDS, MY MAN, WE GOT SOME "DISCOUNTS" THIS WEEK, YOU INTERESTED?
I'LL SWING BY LATER.
SMOKE SMOKE, GOOD WEED.

SAVE ME THE PICK OF THE LITTER.

Oh, YOU'RE JUST SUCH A BIG MAN, RICHARDS, WITH YOUR LITTLE PAY-OFFS AND PERKS.
I SEE YOU WALK RIGHT BY ANY REAL TROUBLE.
BUT NOW YOU'RE WORKING A CASE WITH ME-- SO WE PLAY BY THE BOOK.
Yeah? LISTEN MISS GOODY TUTU-- THE ONLY WAY TO WORK THE STREET IS TO BE THE STREET.

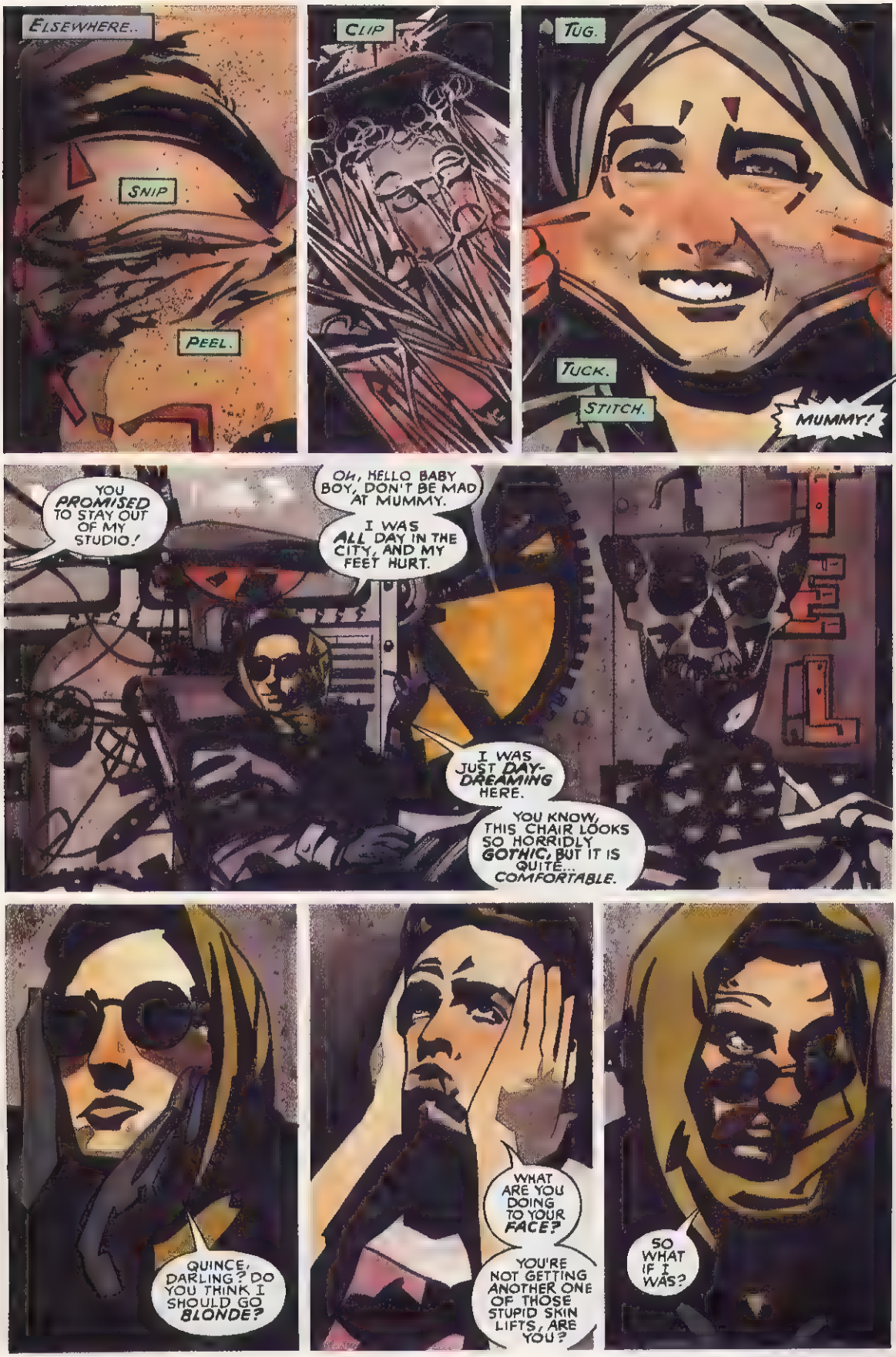
AIN'T NOBODY GONNA TALK TO YOU OUT HERE, BUT THEY BEEN TELLIN' ME PLENTY.
STUFF YOU CAN'T EVEN HEAR.
THERE'S A KILLER OUT THERE --THIS ISN'T A COMPETITION.
BUT IT IS. I'M GONNA SHOW YOU ONLY THE STREET GETS ANSWERS FROM THE STREET. ONLY DIRT CAN SMELL MORE DIRT.
YOU GOTTA BE IT TO GET IT. ALL YOU HOLY ROLLERS GET IS BIG, SHININ' LIES.
GET YOUR LOLLIPOP OUTTA MY FACE
AND DON'T PREACH YOUR SWILL AT ME.
AND IF YOU GET A LEAD, YOU BETTER SHARE IT--
I DON'T HAVE TO SHARE SQUAT. CHALK IT UP TO AN INTER-OFFICE BEEF. YOU'RE HOMICIDE.
I HATE HOMICIDE
AND WORSE, YOU'RE ROOKIE HOMICIDE. THEY SHOULD HAVE LET TACTICAL TAKE CARE OF THIS OURSELVES
THIS IS MY BEAT!
WOMEN, OFFICER, ARE MY BEAT!
I'M GOING TO GET THAT KILLER AND IT WOULD HELP IF YOU RECOGNIZED ME AS YOUR EQUAL ON THIS CASE.
YOU WANNA BE MY EQUAL? OKAY, YOU GOT IT, OFFICER DODGE.

I'LL TAKE THESE TWO- I'M STILL FRESH.
Ha. THAT AIN'T BUSINESS COMIN', HESTER-- THOSE ARE A' COUPLE A' DICKS.
THAT'S DETECTIVE RICHARDS--
HE'S A REAL JERK, THINKS HE'S COLUMBO OR SOMETHING. SUCKS ON A LOLLIPOP, THINKS IT MAKES HIM LOOK INNOCENT--
--LIKE COLUMBO USED TO PLAY STUPID, YOU KNOW? BUT HE COLLECTS FROM EVERYBODY. HE'LL HIT YOU UP SOON.
AND HEY-- WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T CALL HIM "DICK". HE HATES THAT.
GO ON, "PARTNER", INVESTIGATE.
EVENING, I'M OFFICER CLAIR DODGE-- I'M INVESTIGATING THE WESTSIDE RIPPER.
I NEED A LIST OF YOUR REGULAR CLIENTS AND THEIR HABITS... CONFIDENTIALLY, OF COURSE, NO BUSTS AS A RESULT...

I SEE. THE SILENT TREATMENT.
YOU GIRLS COMPLAIN ABOUT COPS DOING NOTHING, BUT YOU WON'T *TALK* TO US.
ANYONE CHANGES THEIR MIND, CALL ME.
YOU'RE NEW HERE?
FRESH CUT TODAY, *DICK*.
DON'T YOU *EVER* CALL ME THAT!
BUT, WHY NOT?
THEY *ALL* CALL YOU DICK.
IT'S JUST LIKE RICHARDS, ISN'T IT? ONLY *SHORT*.

STEP ASIDE WITH ME, OFFICER
ALL RIGHT.
WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE IS?
CHAMBERS?
YES SIR?
WHO'S THAT NEW WHORE?
I DUNNO. NEVER SAW HER BEFORE
I THINK YOU SHOULD BRING HER IN FOR QUESTIONING
I'D LIKE TO DO A STRIP SEARCH ON HER IN PRIVATE...
I'D LIKE TO TIE HER TO A TREE AND DO A SKULL JOB ON HER.
HAR HAR HAR
HEY, RICHARDS, CUT IT OUT-- THERE'S A LADY PRESENT.
A LADY? WHERE? OH, THAT.
NAH, THAT'S NO LADY.
THAT THERE IS A SELF-PROCLAIMED EQUAL.
TALK DIRTY AROUND HER ANYTIME.

ALL RIGHT, "LADIES"--
FEMALE CONGREGATION IS EVIDENCE OF SOLICITATION. BREAK IT UP OR GET BUSTED.
Aww, COME ON, YOU REALLY GONNA DRAG OUT THAT OLD LAW?
THE LAW'S THE LAW.
Yeah. RIGHT.


ELSEWHERE..
SNIP
PEEL.
CLIP
TUG.
TUCK.
STITCH.
MUMMY!
YOU PROMISED TO STAY OUT OF MY STUDIO!
OH, HELLO BABY BOY, DON'T BE MAD AT MUMMY.
I WAS ALL DAY IN THE CITY, AND MY FEET HURT.
I WAS JUST DAY-DREAMING HERE.
YOU KNOW, THIS CHAIR LOOKS SO HORRIDLY GOTHIC, BUT IT IS QUITE... COMFORTABLE.
QUINCE, DARLING? DO YOU THINK I SHOULD GO BLONDE?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO YOUR FACE?
YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE STUPID SKIN LIFTS, ARE YOU?
SO WHAT IF I WAS?

I'VE JUST BEEN DOING SOME. ORDERING.
THERE'S THIS CUTE VIBRATING PILLOW THAT WOULD BE A GREAT COMFORT FOR YOUR FATHER'S NECK TROUBLE...
DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT YOUR CATA-LOGUES, IT'S A SICKNESS.
IT'S NOT SICK, IT'S ELECTRONIC. PLASTIC MONEY IS DELIGHTFULLY CLEAN.
OBSESSIVE CATALOGUE ORDERING IS JUST YOUR SUBLIMATION FOR--
SHUSH! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HARD IT IS!
MOTEL
YOUR FATHER IS HOME LESS AND LESS...
...AND I'M NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER!
I CAN'T COMPETE WITH HIS "DATES". THIS WORLD IS UNFAIR TO WOMEN, QUINCE...
Yeah, yeah, YOU GOT IT SO TOUGH...

SO WHEN IS THIS "LEADING LADY" OF YOURS, THIS "MARY WALKER" COMING FOR THIS SILLY MOVIE?
TRENT IS TRACKING HER DOWN NOW. AND IT'S NOT A SILLY MOVIE, IT'S A FILM!
IT WILL ANSWER AN ESSENTIAL QUESTION--
--WHAT MAKES A KILLER KILL?
LUST AND BOREDOM.
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? IN THE CITY?
WHY YES, DARLING.
I KNOW, I WAS THERE, TOO.
Oh, REALLY? WHAT FOR?
WHAT ELSE? A LITTLE SHOPPING...
MAKING A NEW FILM, SON?
Yeah
I HOPE ALL THOSE YEARS WORKING IN A VIDEO STORE INSTEAD OF GOING TO COLLEGE PAY OFF SOME DAY
WHAT WAS THE NAME OF YOUR LAST MASTERPIECE?
"A GIRL AND HER GUN..."

THE CITY..
TIME TO TEACH YOU SOME RESPECT!
WAM!
PAY YOUR DUES, CHICKIE -- CASH OR TRADE.
BY THE LOOKS A' THAT LOLLIPOP A' YOURS, YOU GOT NOTHIN' TO TRADE
SHUT YOUR FILTHY-
LOOK, I LET YOU WORK, I DON'T BUST YOU.
SO YOU GOTTA PAY ME.
CASH OR FLESH
DON'T YOU HAVE REAL WORK TO DO?
THERE'S A GUY OUT THERE STICKING HIS GUN IN WOMEN'S MOUTHS AND BLOWING THEM OFF.

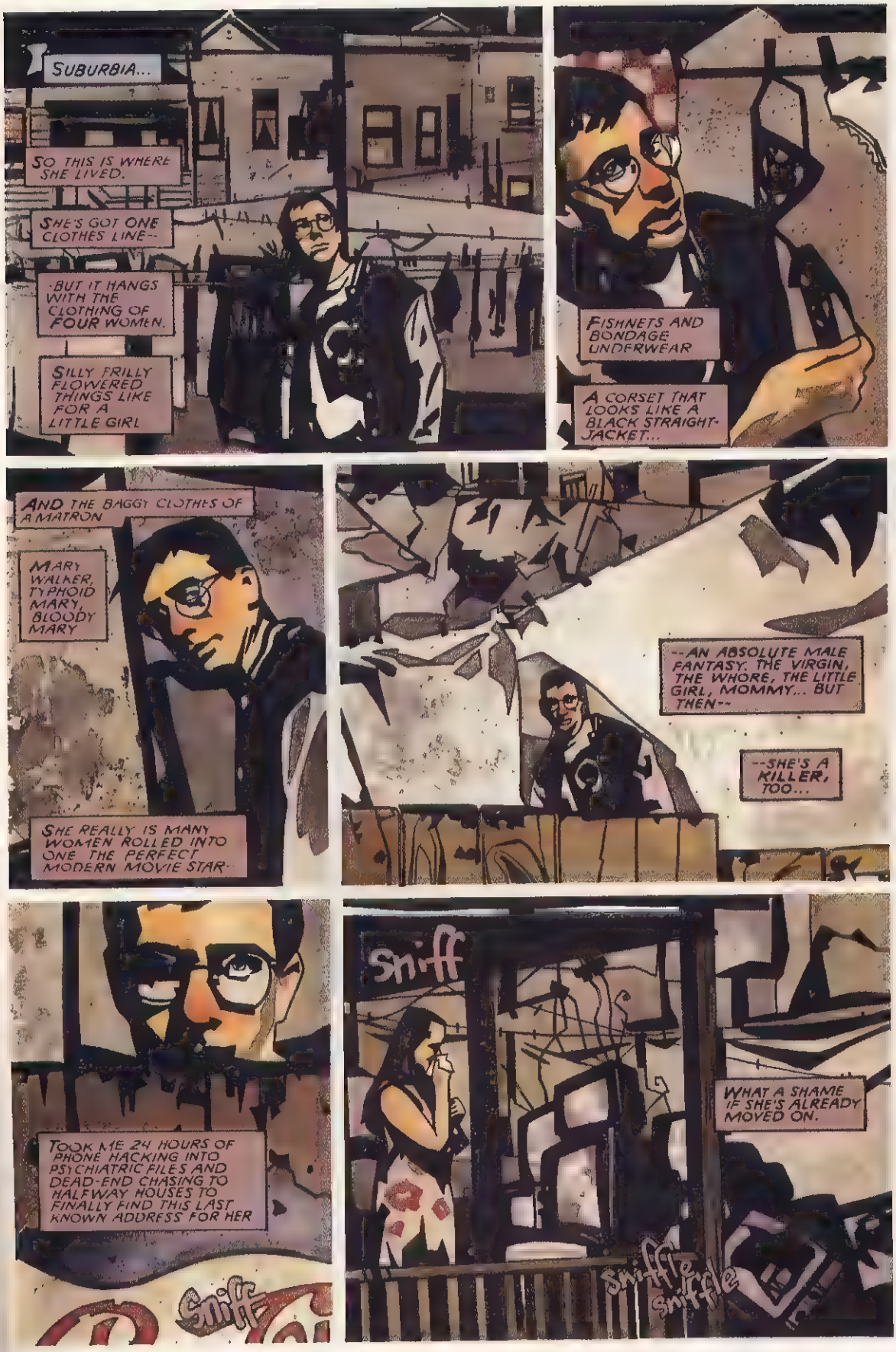
THOSE AREN'T WOMEN, THEY'RE HOOKERS.
KILLING PROSTITUTES IS AN OLD TRADITION. WHY MESS WITH IT.
YOU GIRLS WANT THE LIFE OF AN OUTLAW, EXPECT NO LAW WHEN YOU DIE.
YOU CAN'T HACK IT? GET OFF THE STREETS.
NOW PAY UP.
OR ALL I GOTTA DO IS SHOVE A GUN IN YOUR MOUTH AND IT'S JUST ANOTHER WESTSIDE RIPPER JOB.
THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF A SERIAL KILLER--THE COPYCATS GET AWAY FREE.
YOU'RE EVEN MORE DISGUSTING THAN I IMAGINED.
HEY! hehehe-- YOU'RE PRETTY STRONG..
YES. BUT I CAN'T KILL A GROWN MAN THAT SUCKS ON A LOLLIPOP--

--SO SPIT IT OUT.
KRAK!
DID YOU KILL ONE OF THOSE GIRLS?
NO!
YOU'RE LYING!
I WOULDN'T TOUCH ONE A'THEM WITH GLOVES ON.
I KNOW YOU CAN'T TOUCH WOMEN--
--BUT DID YOU KILL ONE?
HA. YOU'RE NOT SURE YET, ARE YOU?
THE JURY'S STILL OUT ON THAT ONE
WUMP!

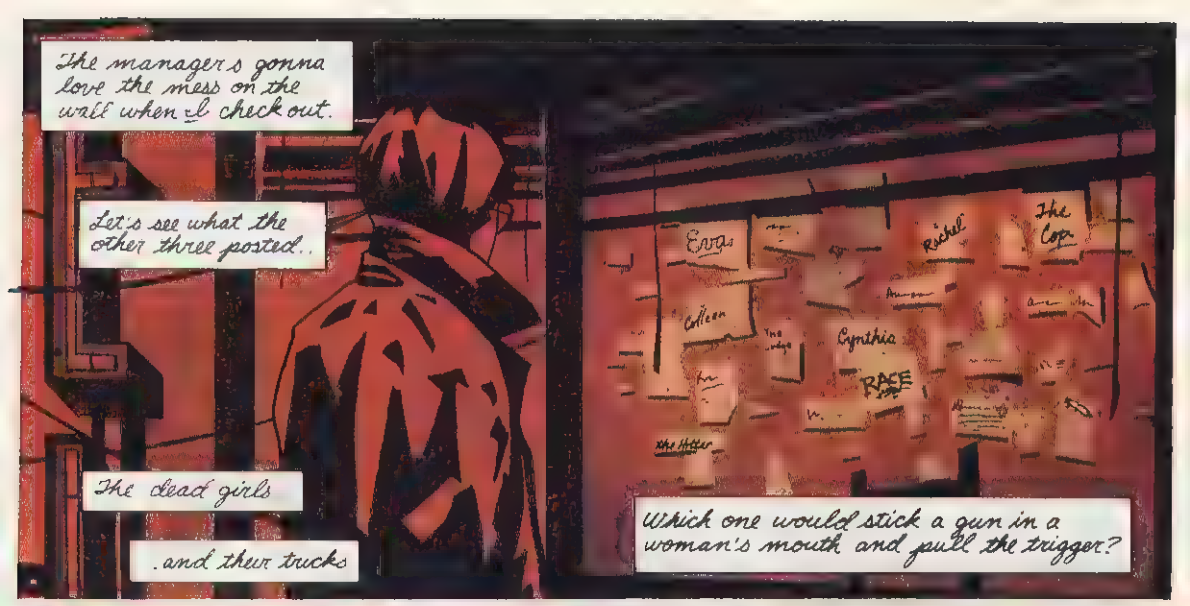
GO AHEAD-- DO IT!
Nah.
YOU DON'T WANT IT BAD ENOUGH.

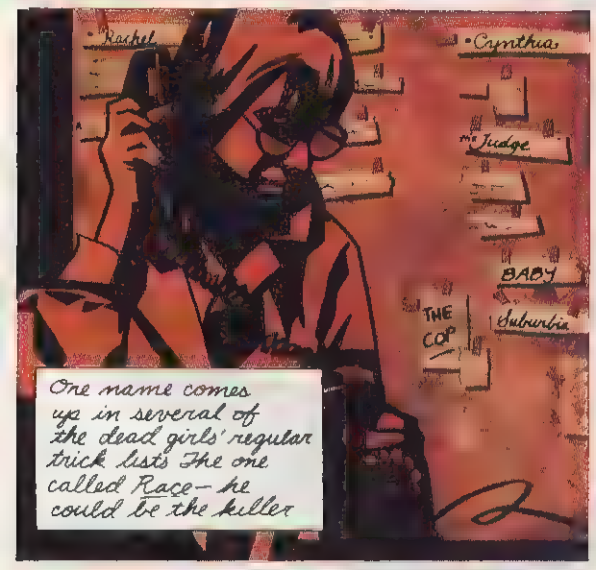
AND I'D RATHER LEAVE YOU WITH SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.
WHAT ARE YOU-- CHRIST!
NO, DON'T--

Hmm-- Slurp-- CHERRY!

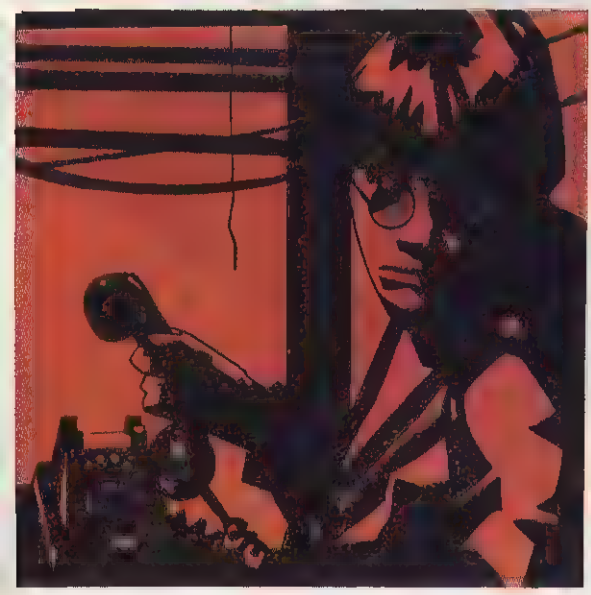

SUBURBIA...
SO THIS IS WHERE SHE LIVED.
SHE'S GOT ONE CLOTHES LINE--
-BUT IT HANGS WITH THE CLOTHING OF FOUR WOMEN.
SILLY FRILLY FLOWERED THINGS LIKE FOR A LITTLE GIRL
FISHNETS AND BONDAGE UNDERWEAR
A CORSET THAT LOOKS LIKE A BLACK STRAIGHT-JACKET...
AND THE BAGGY CLOTHES OF A MATRON
MARY WALKER, TYPHOID MARY, BLOODY MARY
SHE REALLY IS MANY WOMEN ROLLED INTO ONE THE PERFECT MODERN MOVIE STAR-
--AN ABSOLUTE MALE FANTASY. THE VIRGIN, THE WHORE, THE LITTLE GIRL, MOMMY... BUT THEN--
--SHE'S A KILLER, TOO...
TOOK ME 24 HOURS OF PHONE HACKING INTO PSYCHIATRIC FILES AND DEAD-END CHASING TO HALFWAY HOUSES TO FINALLY FIND THIS LAST KNOWN ADDRESS FOR HER
Sniff
Sniff
WHAT A SHAME IF SHE'S ALREADY MOVED ON.
Sniffle Sniffle

HELLO
ARE YOU OKAY, MA'AM?
MY NAME IS TRENT--
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR Miss WALKER, AREN'T YOU?
YOU CAN FIND HER IN THAT EVIL SIN PIT, NEW YORK CITY, IN ONE OF THOSE DISGUSTING 42nd St. MOTELS RUN BY THE DEVIL.
SHE WENT TO FIND THE DEMON THAT KILLED MY DAUGHTER.
Oh, I'M SO SORRY
NO WONDER YOU CRY SO HARD
What?
Oh, NO. SHE LOST THE BABY, THAT'S WHY I'M CRYING.
YOUR DAUGHTER WAS PREGNANT?
NO!
THE GIRL IN 'ONE LIFE TO LIVE'...


The manager's gonna love the mess on the wall when I check out.
Let's see what the other three posted..
The dead girls
.and their tricks
Which one would stick a gun in a woman's mouth and pull the trigger?
Rachel
The Cop
Cynthia
RACE
The Hitter


Rachel
Cynthia
The Judge
BABY
THE COP
Suburbia
One name comes up in several of the dead girls' regular trick lists The one called Race— he could be the killer

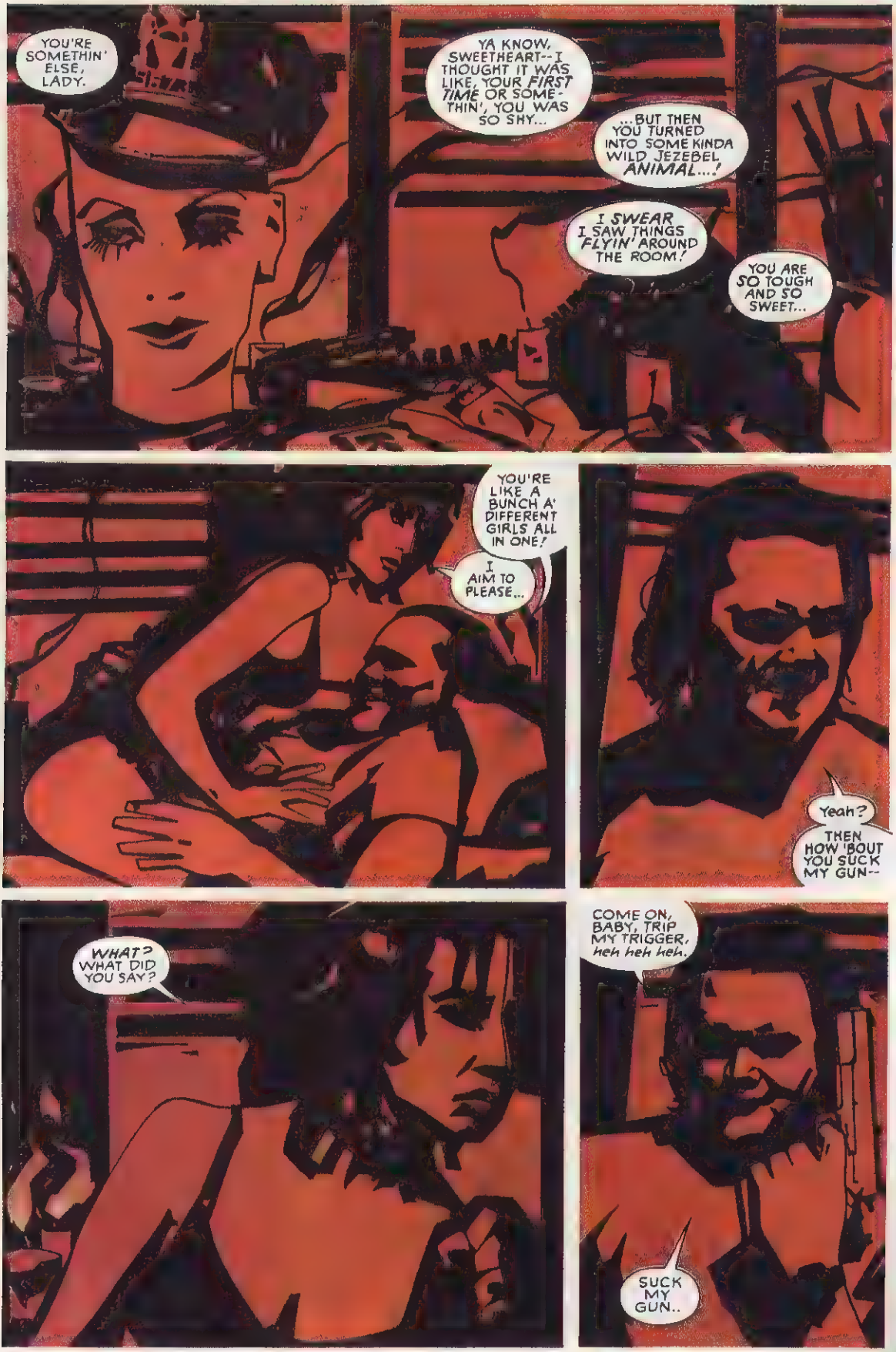
FLAVIA? HI, IT'S WALKER.
LISTEN, I NEED TO ARRANGE A TRICK WITH THAT JOHN CALLS HIMSELF RACE, CAN YOU DO IT?
GOOD.
TULIP? NO, NOT SINCE SHE TOOK ON THAT ONE YOU GIRLS CALL "BABY"...
RIGHT, BYE.



NHI
No-Tell Motel
The Alley
The HITTER
Is Killer a Cop?
Tulip-- missing?

Mary's paints
Looks like she's been writing postcards. I wonder who to?
Typhoid's jacket.
Ooh, no — one of Bloody's Guns — I didn't see that get packed
Just what have the others been up to?
I feel like I did this once before...
Did I already follow a truck? Oh, God — did one of the others?
If the killings don't stop, then she's got the wrong man...
But... he was bad too, he deserved it... didn't he?
So they let me out of the asylum, and I became a detective - Four sleuths rolled into one
Too bad they all cheat and lie to each other.
Well, they all have their talents. Things I don't have. I just hope they keep posting clues so I can piece it all together.
How ironic — Mary Walker, schizophrenic detective for hire. What next?

BACK IN SUBURBIA...
SHE'S LIKE ME.
SPENT HER ENTIRE LIFE IN HOSPITALS.
PEOPLE LIKE US, EVERYTHING WE FEEL-- IS ALL TIED UP WITH PAIN.
UNTIL PAIN STARTS TO REPLACE PLEASURE... AND THEN THERES NO DIFFERENCE ANYMORE.
HEY BUDDY-- WHAT THE HECK YOU DOIN' IN MARY'S HOUSE?
MY NAME IS TRENT, I'M AN OLD FRIEND.
MARY MIGHT BE IN SOME TROUBLE...
SHE'S IN NO TROUBLE, SHE'S ON VACATION IN THE CITY.
I'M JOHN, I'M HER BOYFRIEND. LOOK AT THESE POSTCARDS--
SHE WRITES ME ONE EVERY DAY.
THERE'S BLOOD ON THOSE CARDS.
DON'T BE SILLY. MARY'S A PAINTER, IT'S RED PAINT.
YOU EVER NOTICE ANYTHING STRANGE AROUND HERE? FLYING OBJECTS? FIRES STARTED SPONTANEOUSLY?
DID MARY EVER SEEM TO READ YOUR MIND?
I THOUGHT SO. YOU BETTER SIT DOWN.


YOU'RE SOMETHIN' ELSE, LADY.
YA KNOW, SWEETHEART-- I THOUGHT IT WAS LIKE, YOUR FIRST TIME OR SOMETHIN', YOU WAS SO SHY...
...BUT THEN YOU TURNED INTO SOME KINDA WILD JEZEBEL ANIMAL...!
I SWEAR I SAW THINGS FLYIN' AROUND THE ROOM!
YOU ARE SO TOUGH AND SO SWEET...
YOU'RE LIKE A BUNCH A' DIFFERENT GIRLS ALL IN ONE!
I AIM TO PLEASE...
Yeah?
THEN HOW 'BOUT YOU SUCK MY GUN--
WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY?
COME ON, BABY, TRIP MY TRIGGER, heh heh heh.
SUCK MY GUN..

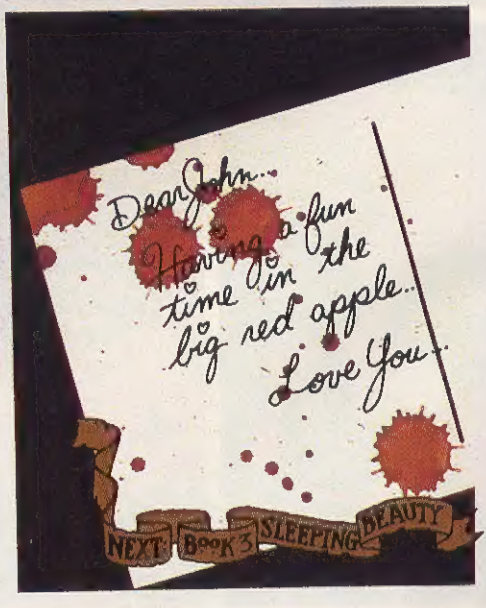
WAK!
YOU STUPID WITCH, WHAT'D YOU DO THAT FOR?
I DIDN'T PAY FOR NO ABUSE YOU DUMB--
HEY!
STOP THAT!
NO!
I SEE... YOU'RE ANOTHER GIRL NOW, IS THAT THE GAME?
I DIDN'T PAY FOR THIS ONE--
SAY SOMETHING FOR CHRISTSAKE!

uhg
uh
ugk
you..
HIM...
That DICK..
ME? Little Me...
All those girls...

THE LITTLE MAN WANTS ME TO SAY SOMETHING?
YOU WANT WORDS?
YOU DEMAND ELOQUENCE?
ugh... Stop... Please...
I GOT ONE SLEEK, HARD, BRASSY WORD FOR YOU...
... I'LL JUST WHISPER IT INTO YOUR MOUTH...
NOT EVEN A WORD, JUST A SOUND...
THE LAST SOUND SHE HEARD YOU MAKE...
REMEMBER, SWEETHEART?

BANG.
BANG.
BANG.

Dear John..
Dear John...


Dear John...
Having a fun time in the big red apple..
Love You...
NEXT Book 3 SLEEPING BEAUTY

A ROOKIE WITH A HEART.

A COP WITH A LOLLIPOP.

A GIRL FOR SALE.

A BULLET WITH HER NAME ON IT.

A MYSTERY TO SOLVE...

MEET MARY WALKER, SCHIZOPHRENIC DETECTIVE FOR HIRE.

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